

## THE QUIET HOUR.

## Christ is King.

Shadows were deepening o'er Bethlehem's walls,  
The sun had sunk to rest,  
And the light, which had touched the towering hills,  
Died in the distant west.

Crimson clouds with their edges bright,  
Laughed at the heralds of coming night;  
Though beast and bird with timid fear,  
Shrank from the shadows dark and drear.

Deeper and deeper the darkness fell,  
On to the earth with its sombre pall,  
Till the boasting clouds took a paler light,  
And mourned at the presence of coming night.

But yonder, over the eastern hill,  
A new light dawned—see it flash and thrill,  
Tis a star, and the shepherds in it see  
The birth of a glorious victory.

And hark! the air so silent now,  
Is filled with voices soft and low;  
Louder and louder the strains do swell,  
Till they burst into song o'er Israel.

And the star still rises, its tender light  
Gleams like a meteor, pure and white,  
Over the mountain, over the wall,  
Into the stable, the sheltering stall.

There, 'mid the sound of angels' song,  
The Christ, the blessed Child was born,  
And herald angels chant the joy  
Which had come to earth in the holy Boy.

Away to the north, the south, the west,  
Spread the joyous news of the great behest,  
Till the whole earth rings with the new-born song,  
That chains are broken of sin and wrong.

For this the wreaths are now entwined,  
For this the temples are sweet with pine,  
For this the flowers, pure as snow,  
Keep fresh the scenes of long ago.

The unseen bells, that rang that night,  
Were moved by spirits pure and bright;  
And listen! the air is full of the chime,  
Just as was rung in the olden time.

Then ring out the bells, again and again,  
Ring them louder still o'er hill and plain,  
Till their brazen tongues tell the story old,  
That Christ is King of the whole wide world.

C. Mulligan.

## What He Came For.

In displaying some beautiful piece of statuary it is usual to hang it around with dark, contrasting colors, to bring out the perfection of its white beauty. So, in order to realize most clearly the one grand motive of the Son of God in coming to earth, it would be well for you to contrast it in your minds with the things He says He did not come for.

He did not come "to be ministered unto," though well he might; since we were his lawful subjects, He might have come to receive our homage, but He did not.

He did not come "to judge the world"; one day He is to judge the quick and the dead, but that was not what brought Him to this world.

He did not come "to destroy the Law and the Prophets," though some readers seem to think that the New Testament has superseded the Old.

What, then, brought our Lord down to earth? Why did He empty Himself of His glory and submit to the humiliation of a bitter death? It was for one grand reason alone—"to seek and to save the lost." All other reasons seem poor and dark in comparison with this glorious purpose, to die for our sins, to suffer in our stead, to ransom our souls, to save us from eternal death.

## The Christ Child.

It was in the Babe of Bethlehem that God's character shone forth, that men might not merely fear Him, but trust in Him and love Him, as one who could "be touched with the feeling of their infirmities." It was on Christmas day that God appeared among men as a child upon a mother's bosom. And why? Surely for this reason, among a thousand more, that He might teach men to feel for and with Him, and to be sure that He felt for them and with them. He took the shape of a little child to draw out all their love and tenderness. He took our human nature upon Him, not merely the nature of a great man, but *all* human nature, from the nature of the babe to the nature of the full-grown and full-souled man, fighting with all His powers against the evil of the world. All this is His, and He is all; that no human being, from the strongest to the weakest, from the eldest to the youngest, but may be able to say: "What I am, Christ has been." To the strong, He can be strongest, and to the weak, weakest of all. With the mighty, He can be the King of kings; and yet with the poor, He can wander, not having where to lay His head.

Rev. Charles Kingsley.

## "No Room."

"There was no room for them in the inn."—St. Luke II. 7.  
"No room," within the dwelling, for Him whose love excelling  
Towards those who never sought Him, to earth from heaven  
brought Him.  
Who counted not the cost to seek the lost.  
"No room," so to the manger they bore the Kingly stranger,  
But angel hosts attended, and angel voices blended,  
Whilst on His mother's breast he lay at rest.  
"No room;" O Babe so tender, to Thee our hearts we render,  
Not meet for Thy possessing, yet make them, by Thy blessing,  
A home wherein to dwell. EMMAUEL.

## UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

## Short Stories Told After Dinner.

I remember the case of a man on shipboard, coming from California in gold times, when there was not half room enough for the passengers. After they had been out four or five days, a man who had not been seen before on deck appeared, and his friend said: "Why, I did not know you were on board! How did you get a state-room?"

"Oh!" he says, "I have none, and I will have to sit up all night the rest of the voyage. So far I have been sleeping on top of a sick man, but he has got well and won't stand it any longer."

There was a man in the militia company who was from Nantucket. He was always talking about being from Nantucket—appeared to plume himself particularly on being from Nantucket. That man was not exactly lazy, but he came into the world born tired. He never knew his right hand from his left at drill, and never by any accident succeeded in facing the right way at command. One day the captain, whose patience was nearly exhausted, had his men called off by fours and gave the command, "Right face." This man sprang out about three feet from the ranks, tried to face two ways at one time, and then looked at his commanding officer with a dazed and bewildered air, and said, "Captain, where ought I to be now?" "Back in Nantucket, you idiot," said the captain.

A certain minister's sermons were a patchwork from numerous authors to whom he gave no credit. On one occasion there was a half-intoxicated wag in the audience who had read pretty much everything, and he announced the authors as the minister went on. The clergyman gave an extract without any credit to the author, and the man in the audience cried out, "That's Jeremy Taylor." The speaker went on and gave an extract from another author without credit for it, and the man in the audience said, "That's John Wesley." The minister gave an extract from another author without credit for it, and the man in the audience said: "That's George Whitefield." When the minister completely lost his patience and excitedly cried out, "Shut up, you old fool!" the man in the audience replied: "That is your own."

Some years ago, when sleeping-car bedding was not supposed to be as fat as it ought to be, and the pillows were accused of being constructed upon the homeopathic principle, a New Englander got on a car one night. Now it is a remarkable fact that a Yankee never goes to sleep in one of these cars. He lies awake all night, thinking how he can improve upon every device and patent in sight. He poked his head out of the upper berth at midnight, hailed the porter and said, confidentially, "Say, have you got a corkscrew about you?"

"We don't," low no drinkin' sperits aboa'd dese yer cars, sah," was the reply.

"Tain't that," said the Yankee, "but I want to get hold of one of your pillows that has worked its way into my ear." The pillows have since been enlarged.

## An Ode to Canada.

Awake my country, the hour is great with change:  
Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,  
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range  
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,  
A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears  
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,  
A sound, wherein who hearkens wisely hears  
The voice of the desire of this strong North  
This North whose heart of fire  
Yet knows not its desire  
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream:  
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!

Awake, my country, the hour of dream is done!  
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.  
Thou faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,  
And faint would bid the morn of splendour wait;  
Thou dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,  
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"  
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,  
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name:  
This name which yet shall glow  
Till all the nations know  
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand,  
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian land!

O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,  
Worth your best blood this heritage that you guard!  
Those mighty streams resplendent with our story,  
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,  
What fields of peace these bulwarks will secure!  
What vales of plenty these calm floods supply!  
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,  
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?  
O strong hearts of the North,  
Let fame your loyalty forth,  
And put the craven and base to an open shame,  
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by his name!

Chas. G. D. Roberts.

## Compiled Bits of Household Fact and Fancy.

At Christmas be merry and thankful withal  
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great with the small.  
Thomas Tusser.

If the sun shines through the apple tree on  
Christmas day, there will be an abundant crop the  
following year.

Christmas is the only holiday of the year that  
brings the whole human family into common  
communion. Dickens.

'Tis the season for kindling the fire of hospitality  
in the hall, the genial flame of charity in the heart.  
Washington Irving.

Christmas is the time in which the memory of  
every remedial sorrow, wrong and trouble in the  
world around us should be active within us.  
Dickens.

## Puzzles.

## 1-CHARADE.

December the month of skating,  
Has come FIRST its keen, cold clime,  
And I say not at all overrating,  
That there is no better time.

For Christmas with its large turkey so grand,  
And its great rich pudding so fine,  
Is what are greeted in all parts of the land,  
Yet it is December all the time.

And what boy could be happy if he lacked his fun,  
LAST on the surface of the hard, cold ice,  
Where COMPLETE your skates you cannot run,  
Yet there is nothing half so nice.

THOS. W. BANKS.

## 2-CHARADE.

As through the city great I roved,  
And gazed on the COMPLETE,  
I saw a tiny little child  
A-crying in the street.

"Why weep you so?" I quickly said,  
"Why is your heart so sore?"

"I weep," he answered, just because  
"I have neither a ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR."

ADA ARMAND.

## 3-CHARADE.

A stately owl sat ONE a tree,  
And truly TWO owl most solemn was he,  
For at him gazed intent to see  
If to more he'd ever try.

"THREE is most strange," FOUR then did say,  
"To see him sit the livelong day,  
Nor move a wing, nor leg, nor nay  
Not even blink his eye."

Then up stole FOUR FIVE mischief bent,  
And gently caught him by the feet:

Just then he flew and paring said,  
"Your brain is in a state of COMPLETE."

ADA ARMAND.

## 4-ANAGRAM.

Once on a time a beggar I met,  
Who this to me did say:

"If you would do me a kindness, please,  
Just give me a cup of RICH TAY."

ADA ARMAND.

## 5-ANAGRAM.

Oh! whenever we go up to Guelph,  
Out to Morden we shall go,  
To see our cousin Georgie,  
A Blyth young man you know.

Now, when this fine young gentleman,  
To Toronto he doth come,  
He's going to call and see his friend,  
Oh, my! what a good time we will spend.

Miss Smithson tells us of cargoes,  
And our attention she does call  
To Halloween, that festive night,  
When bad boys do things—well, hardly right.

Now, Tommy Banks, great credit he has won,  
As all true selves will gladly own;  
And let us all on Thanksgiving day,  
Thank Uncle Tom for his picture gallery.

My namesake Harry, surnamed Bobier,  
Calls Georgie Blyth second mate;  
His puzzles are good, so now, Harry, please,  
Send in more puzzles before it is too late.

As for "King" F. B., his duties he is neglecting,  
A month has passed since from him we heard;  
Oh! what can be the matter,  
Surely it cannot be anything like a mustard plaster.

HENRY REEVE.

## 6-DECAPITATION.

I come with the happy New Year,  
I come with Christmas too:  
I hope I will be welcome here  
In the ADVOCATE canoe.

T. W. Banks has lately joined,  
And great was his reception,  
But to get a welcome as Two was  
Is above all my conception.

My puzzle ONE time will not be long,  
But if I'm welcomed here,  
You'll get some puzzles twice this length,  
Yet still I have a fear.

Because this THREE my first you know  
You might say things not pleasant;  
Perhaps even now you are tired of me,  
So this is all for the present.

MORLEY SMITHSON.

## 7-SQUARE WORD.

My FIRST is a figure in drawing books taught,  
My SECOND an ancient who often had thought  
Of soaring to Heaven on waxen wings,  
And beholding the glory of higher things,  
Who made the attempt, but, alas! fell down,  
Found death as his gerdon and not renown.

Of things which are rare my THIRD is the best;  
To make or to shape my FOURTH does suggest;  
My FIFTH is e'er shed o'er a brave soldier's name  
In telling his victories, his passports to fame;

My SIXTH and my last we should try to secure,  
If we would our success and our welfare ensure.

ADA SMITHSON.

## Answers to November 15th Puzzles.

1—Own, now, won. 2—Call all. 3—NOBLE  
4—Thanksgiving Day. 5—Halloween. OGLE  
6—Cargo. 7—Uncle Tom's Picture Gallery. BLAIRE  
8—Pakenham. 9—George Blyth. LEAVE  
ED

## Names of Those Who Have Sent Correct

## Answers to November 15th Puzzles.

Geo. W. Blyth, Addison Snider, Oliver Snider, Henry Reeve,  
I. Irvine Devitt, Joshua Umbach, A. R. Borrowman, Josie  
Sheehan, Morley Smithson, Ada Smithson, Thos. W. Banks.

## Why Some People are Poor.

Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles. Coffee,  
tea, pepper, and spices are left to stand open and  
lose their strength. Potatoes in the cellar grow,  
and the sprouts are not removed until the potatoes  
are worthless. Brooms are never hung up and are  
soon spoiled. Nice handled knives are put into hot  
water. The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner,  
and the bread pan is left with the dough sticking  
to it. Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces  
in the wind. Tubs and barrels are left in the sun  
to dry and fall apart. Dried fruits are not taken  
care of in season and become wormy. Pork spoils  
for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants  
scalding. Bits of vegetables and cold puddings are  
thrown away, when they might be warmed,  
steamed, and served as good as new.